

Australian

# PENTHOUSE

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*Helenka Antar . . . won't play footsies*

What goes on and what comes off  
at the resort with the reputation.

# Can your body take a week on Great Keppel?



Maybe you've heard some of those wild rumours about the Island in the sun or you're wondering whether to believe the resort's advertising. The answer is simple. You can expect to get wrecked. That's wrecked as in wrooked, blitzed, faceless, and all those other words that bring colour to the cheeks of maiden aunts.



Getting physical, Great Keppel Island lies directly off the coast from Rockhampton, a city known variously as "Queensland's Gateway to The Tropics", "Rocky" and (if there's a band in town), "Rock Vegas."

From there it's a short flight over to the Island. The Queensland coast, veined with serpentine waterways, quickly falls away into the brilliant blue water of that part of the world. Keppel is in sight within 15 minutes, before most passengers have finished reading the in-flight brochure describing what they're flying over.

Keppel boasts 28 kilometres of beaches—something for everyone from sunbathers to sailors, from nudists to neckers, to use a nice old-fashioned term. And, unlike the coarse, coral sands of islands further north, Keppel's beaches are made up of fine white sand that's very easy on any part of the anatomy you care to place on it.

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Never a dull moment.

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Upon landing, guests are greeted by members of the Island Entertainment Team, a crew whose talents at raising a smile are said to be exceeded only by their legendary talents for raising hell. (The staff of 135 on Keppel operate, just like the guests, under the motto of life's fun seekers: "Nothing succeeds like excess.")

From reception, newbies are escorted through the grounds to their rooms. This procession usually marches past the sybaritic Pool Bar, handily giving the oddies (those that have been at the Resort for a day or more) a chance to check out the incoming talent, and vice versa. It's a fine introduction to one of the lazy sun-soaking options available to those whose energies don't always approach the levels necessary for wind-surfing, sailing, snorkelling and all those other gung-ho, indecently healthy activities that can be indulged on Keppel.

The Resort can accommodate around 320 people in spacious motel-style units. The place is full of ragers all year round, so don't worry about getting there and having to party on your own. The majority of visitors to the Island fall into that excitement-hungry and horny 18-35 age group.

All units at Keppel have balconies, built-in wardrobes, double beds, private bathrooms and surprise...bar fridges. This little white-goods item tends to be indispensable during room parties (frighteningly frequent functions), intimate get-togethers of two or more, when a little bubbly neck oil may be required, after 2 a.m. when the last wave of revelling flotsam is swept out of the late night Wreck Bar.

Keppel has three bars to slake the phenomenal thirsts of its guests. It does get pretty hot up there, the Pool Bar, at the centre of the Resort, is the early opener. It throws open its portals at 9.30 each morning to provide Bloody Marys for the hair of the dog brigade and liquid Wilkinson Swords for anyone suffering fur of the tongue. The early morning crowd is characterised by dark glasses, conversation that entails filling each other in on bits of the previous night one or the other fails to recall, and a tendency to repeat the words, "Did we rage, or what?" No-one, but no-one, would dare order a daiquiri at this time of day—the grinding squeal of a blender is about the most painful torture anyone could inflict on his fellow man on a still Keppel morning.

It's a small but intrepid few who gather at this hour. In true colonial fashion, the action starts hotting up as the sun approaches the yardarm. That's when people start sauntering up for heart-starters and a bit of pre-lunch lubrication. By mid-afternoon the joint's jumping and the cocktails and Fourxes are flying fast.

Talking about cocktails, they don't pussyfoot around on Keppel. Check out the Pool Bar cocktail book and order a Pink Pussy. That's a heady little combo of Tequila, Kahlua, Cream, Grenadine and lemonade.

Or, if you reckon your hormone count's up to it, try a Sex Machine (Tequila, Kahlua and Southern Comfort). It may sound like a physical impossibility but after that you could have an Orgasm, (Galliano, Cointreau, White Creme De Cacao, orange juice, cream and milk). Up there, a cocktail's a cocktail. A favourite among the particularly foolhardy is a little curiosity known as an ET. It consists of Kahlua, White Creme De Cacao, Creme De Menthe and Creme Banana. Have a close encounter with the sucker and you won't need Scotty to beam you up.



By late afternoon, the trend is to migrate to the Sand Bar to wile away the time before dinner. The Sand Bar actually opens at 11 a.m., presumably for those whose faculties are offended by the fact that there's a sun up in the sky. Around dusk, this beachfront watering hole affords a spectacular view of the crimson sky as the





sun takes a dive over the mainland. As well as catering for the pre-dinner throng, the Sand Bar is the venue for after-dinner high jinks, sort of an ongoing Mondo Cane organised by the Keppel Entertainment squad.

Heading the Team is a genial Ghengis Khan of a fellow who goes by the name of Beast. He's a fascinating character who came to the island six years ago with his band and stayed to party every night and hibernate every day since. Get him talking about his days as an entertainer on the U.S. bases during the Vietnam War, and his days on the road in Australia.

Beast is often helped out by a comely young sort by the name of Jools and together they preside over an evening's entertainment that may include live music, humor and a lot of weird competitions where everyone gets into the act, proving indisputably that people

really do let their hair, and everything else down, when they're away from home.

Ah, then there's the Wreck Bar, the Great Hall of Excess from whence much of the Island's notoriety has sprung. It opens at 11 and jumps till 2 for those with the staying power, dancing feet and insatiable urges to experience it to the max. There's always live



music from the Island's resident band, interspersed with disco when the boys take their breaks. It's here that the big mainland bands strut their stuff when they swoop in on Keppel. And they swoop in with great regularity.

As might be expected there's always a hefty crowd wrecking on till two. After that there's usually a bit of a scene back at the pool with a few take-away bottles or cans more than a few naked bodies a-frolicking and a decided lack of inhibition.

Then of course there's fun with a capital "F" at room parties and beach parties that have a habit of happening every night.

There's a quaint tradition known as the Keppel Sandwich that involves a bunch of oiled bodies piling on top of each other as high as they can go in one squirming, writhing stack—boobs, bums, bellies and bug-eyes everywhere. It's a good, almost-decent appetiser when performed in swimming costumes and full daylight.

Tales of sexual heroics abound. Like the one about the group of girls, who stormed Keppel eager to live out their Robinson Crusoe fantasies. They were after a good Man Friday—and better ones every other night of the week. They were all for affirmative action—they weren't going to say no to anything.

In short, Keppel is always on heat—in more ways than one. Up there, any Lone Ranger can always find a Tonto or three.

### Wrecked in the sun.

Those pagans on Keppel don't confine their worship to Bacchus. Zealous devotion to the sun god makes this particular Fantasy Island almost a religious retreat for the scantily clad and liberally oiled.

It stands to reason. You can roll around your floor with a case of Fourex to your heart's content at home but you're not going to get a tan doing it.

And you certainly wouldn't have as much fun as doing it with a bit of female companionship beside the lapping Pacific, beneath a sun that never quits. Keppel has those 28 kilometres of beaches, remember, more than enough altar space for deep tan devotees to unfurl their towels and offer themselves up to the almighty dispenser of UVs. Some do it with their swimmers on, some do it without 'em and a lot of girls around the pools seem to do it in outfits that afford about as much protection as a couple of postage stamps and a shoelace. Consequently, the sun's out, perving benignly over the place all year round.

For hyperactive sporting types and those who like to dabble with sails and snorkels and things, Keppel has what amounts to a giant sporting goods warehouse worth of toys to



Then book in at Kuatics for a ride in a motor cruiser that plies the waters around the Island, plies you with alcohol if you're up to mid-morning drinking and offers the chance to go boom-netting. That's where the lesson comes in. Boom-netting is sort of like finding out what it would be like to be a fish. Game little fishes climb into a big rope net suspended into the ocean from a boom out from the cruiser.

Then the boat takes off in one direction and, if you're not careful, your swimming costume takes off in another. If you pack a nice lunch, you may wish to advertise the fact to the girls on board by going boom-netting every day. If you don't or if you wish to maintain your masculine mystique until after dark, be warned, and hang on to your strides.

Landlubbers can keep themselves out of trouble by bouncing with a beach volleyball or giving friends a serve on the tennis courts. Keppel has two immaculate courts and they're floodlit at night for anyone who'd rather play at Wimbledon than play around

expend your energies upon. On the Resort's long main beach there's a place called Keppel Kuatics where you can pick up the diversion of your choice. Up there they've got a habit of starting as many words as remotely possible with the little "K"—too much sun, perhaps, and so kute. Well, at Kuatics you can get a catamaran, a sailboard, fishing and snorkelling gear or you can book a lesson in whatever your aquatic passions run to. Then spend as long as you like falling into the water. If you want to play with something that uses fuel, there's a charge for it, which is fair enough, though never steep. If your diversion requires nothing more than your own steam and wind and water, you won't have to carry a brass razoo in your boardies.

One good way to get the Island into perspective and learn an amusing lesson in the power of the sea is to take a Booze Cruise. Check out when they're running by scanning The Daily Wrecker, the news and activities bulletin left outside rooms each day.

You can quiver up at the archery range and have a lesson from one of the resident Robin Hoods. And for anyone who wields a wild willow or lobs a bit of leather, The Keppel Cricket Klub throws up frequent opportunities for cricket nuts to show off their technique. The staff cricket team takes their game just about as seriously as anything can be taken on Keppel and they've established a sporting tradition that leans not so much toward the "Englishmen" side of the game as the "mad dog" aspect of it.

A variety of competitions are organised every day by the Entertainment staff, giving contestants opportunities to win a bottle or three of Beastly Bubbly, a cheeky little drop that very definitely lives up to its name.

There's no shortage of ways to wreck yourself in the sun on Keppel and anyone who could fit a bit of everything into one week is a better man than I am, Gungadin. After an effort like that, a bloke would need a drink.

### Wreck your diet.

Many have tried valiantly to prove otherwise, but there's no escaping the fact that a body cannot live on booze alone. On Keppel they've got that situation well under control and the meals they lay on, far from providing mere bodily sustenance, have a frequent habit of veering toward the magnificent.

Mealtimes in a set-up like Keppel serve a vital social function. It's at breakfast, lunch and dinner that conversations get started and friendships kindled. Such chatty togetherness is fostered in the large Admiral Keppel Dining Room where many of the tables are large enough to seat six or ten.





There is also no shortage of tables for two for honeymooning types and those who've graduated, through the process of natural selection, to something a little more intimate. On Keppel, it's standard procedure during breakfast and lunch to pile your porcelain with a bit of this and that, survey the interior landscape of the Dining Room then plunk yourself down at the table that shows the most promise.

Meals are included in the price of accommodation at Keppel and their kitchens cater for all tastes. Breakfast and lunch are informal buffet affairs where you saunter along a parade of hot and cold edibles that stretches the length of the glass wall of the restaurant. At breakfast there's the choice of cereals, juices, eggs in a variety of styles, snags, bacon, tomatoes and all those other breakfasty type things as well as a wealth of melons, pineapple and other tropical fruit. There's always a good turn-up of bodies seeking fuel.

Lunch is a buffet of salads, cold meats and fish, hot dishes and fruits. Guests can pile up plates and do the table trick inside or take themselves outside into the sunshine to sit at shaded tables by the beach.

Now dinner is a different matter altogether. It's a la carte, with table food and drink service and a menu that encompasses four courses. You may order one or two courses or go the whole hog and tuck into a meal that may run something like: Seafood chowder, Canadian Smoked Salmon, Steak Diane and Blueberry Pie with cream or any number of other combinations which change throughout the week.

A parting word for those who enjoy seafood: Make sure your stay on Keppel includes at least one Friday night. That's when island dining takes on Fletcher Christian fantasy proportions. The feast takes place by the poolside and veritable mountains of seafood of all kinds are up for grabs along with loads of salads, cold cuts, tropical fruits and cheeses. That's when they carve up the porker that's being doing lazy, sizzling somersaults on a spit all day. Friday night is definitely pig-out night. Like every other day or night there's little worry about starving to death on Great Keppel.

### Training for wrecking.

Keppel advertising has always promised, or threatened, that you'll need a holiday when you return from the place. Believe it. Anyone wishing to Keppel themselves to the hit should take a hint from the nearest boy scout and "Be Prepared."

Training needn't assume Olympic proportions, but before taking off it usually pays to do a few things. Things like sleeping for the week leading up to your departure,



eating vitamin enriched foods and taking it easy on the grog. All facilities should be in peak condition before attempting an assault on Keppel. Try a few wrist and finger exercises to strengthen your grip on sailboards, racquets and tinies and throw in a few mental exercises to strengthen your grip on reality in the face of Keppel mindbending. A few solarium sessions can aid in quick assimilation into the bronzed set and allow you to hit the sun with some staying power as soon as you arrive. Things to leave behind include pretensions, work worries, inhibitions and your teddy bear. There's no place for the first three up there and the joint's alive with guarantees that you won't miss teddy

The major requirement in a Keppel Survival Kit would have to be a clutch of suntan preparations. Take something with a sunscreen if you're planning to expose parts that seldom see light of day. There's nothing like wanting to play the last of the red hot lovers but being too red hot to do it.

### The Keppel Kit for survival.

Some less protective stuff is the go for when your skin becomes accustomed to the tropics and massage oil is always useful for a variety of purposes. A hat, some shades and a beach towel complete the solar section of the kit.

Nothing to do with Great Keppel is complete without a supply of vitamins. For a week or two, some potent Cs and Bs will ensure that precious bodily fluids keep

pumping and while you're at it, chuck in some good headache tablets. If you need a reason for those inclusions, you haven't been paying attention.

As mentioned earlier, nights on Great Keppel are alive with music in the Sand Bar, the Dining Room and the Wreck Bar. However, there's no music in the units. Most are thankful for this after a few days' hard Keppeling, but if you're one of those who thrives on vibes, take a Walkman or something small to feed your habit. Apart from being a hassle to lug around, thumping big ghetto-blasters tend to make hibernating hangover sufferers see even redder.

That little swag should ensure survival of sorts. Any other requirements apart from unlimited energy can be picked up at the Island Shop which is open every day. And if after all that you're wondering if there's such a thing as life after Keppel, rest assured there is. But it's seldom quite as lively



# Great Keppel Island.



It's a great place to get wrecked.

See your travel agent or TAA.



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Australian

**PENTHOUSE** 



# PENTHOUSE POLAROID PHOTO COMPETITION

How about some more entries for the Polaroid Competition? Although the standard of entries received has in no way declined, the numbers of entries has taken a tumble. As well as winning a Polaroid SLR 680 camera or a 35mm AutoProcess system for the photographer, entries in the competition offer the subjects a chance to be a *Penthouse* centrefold and that carries a modelling fee of \$5000 and a one in 12 chance to win more than \$100,000 in prizes as *Penthouse* Pet Of The Year. Summer's on the way, so there's no excuse for anyone to stay under wraps. Get snapping with a friend.

All of which in no way detracts from this month's winning entry from Max Coffey of Norton Summit in South Australia. Max's shot of girlfriend Rose wins him a choice of Polaroid packages. If you reckon you're up to *Penthouse* scratch, send us one or a few photos taken on any film (Polaroid or otherwise) and put your photographic talent where your mouth is.



Sydney's Bobbie Wallbank



**LOUISE**



"You're only young once," says petite Pet Of The Month Louise Shires. "You have to grasp the moment." Louise, 19, wastes no opportunity to get amongst it and sample new experiences. Most

of all she loves to dance. In that regard she tends to mix business with pleasure, for as a professional dancer her working week is not so much of a grind as a bump and grind.

## FLASHDANCE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CHRIS DICKSON

































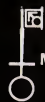












MISS LOUISE SHIRES/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH





## INDIAN GIVER

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STEPHEN HICKS

When Hyapatia Lee was a little girl taking piano, ballet and violin lessons and dreaming of being a star, she never thought her firmament would be above a world

of X-rated movies. Today she considers her job to be a dream come true. "Making love for a living means never getting bored and having plenty of freedom," she says.

























**AUSTRIA**  
KATERINA



Austrian beauty Katerina Weiss won't swap the charms of her home city Vienna for any place on Earth. The 22-year-old has been offered modeling contracts in London and New York and she concedes that they're nice places to visit, but that's about it. Katerina is a music student — one who is more content waltzing the Blue Danube than her Matilda, it would seem.

PHOTOS BY RICHARD SPENCE









Well toned secretary Mara Scalia is a senorina who takes things very seriously. The 21-year-old from Bologna was so serious about improving her fitness and strength that she took up competitive weight-lifting. Now she's working hard improving her clean and jerk and her squat for the forthcoming Italian women's weight-lifting championships. She's not worrying about her snatch though judges acknowledge she's already got the best in the country.

PHOTOS BY PETER LEESON



ITALY  
MARA



THE  
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